La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come,
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if ye will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Madame, till *I* lie with you.
La. *I* hope ſo.
Glo. *I* know ſo, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the teem-leſſe deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect,
Your beautie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So *I* might reſt one houre in your ſweet boſome.
La. If I thought that, *I* tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from my cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eies could neuer endure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if *I* ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Black night ouerſhade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. *I* would *I* were to be reuengde on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuengd on him that ſlew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband,

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